Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.
Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?
Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.
Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.
Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.
Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.
Duke. What meanſt thou by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the offence yo
Stew. I neuer gaue him any,
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon h
When he coniunct and flatteri
Tript me behinde, being down
And put vpon him ſuch a deal
That worthied him, got praiſe
For him attempting who was
And in the flechuent of this dr
Drew on me heere againe.
Kent. None of theſe roges &
Duke. Bring foorth the ſto
You ſtubborne miſcreant knau
Wee'l teach you.
Kent. I am too olde to learn
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imp
You ſhould do ſmall reſpect, ſ
Againſt the grace and perſon
Stopping his Meſſenger.
Duke. Fetch foorth the ſto
There ſhall he ſit till noone.
Reg. Till noone, till night m
Kent. Why Madam, if I we
vſe me ſo.
Reg. Sir, being his knaue, I
Duke. This is a fellow of the
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, come, b
Gloſt. Let me beſeech your
His fault is much, and the goo
Will checke him for't; your p
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt
And moſt common treſpaſſes
The King muſt take it ill, that
In his Meſſenger, ſhould haue
Duke. Ile anſwer that.
Reg. My ſiſter may receiue i
To haue her gentleman abuſe

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